

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—*Cowper.*

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No. 11.

## A Bird's Ministry.

From his home in an Eastern bungalow,  
In sight of the everlasting snow  
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,  
Thus wrote my friend:—

"I had travelled far  
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,  
Through the sand-white plains of Sinde-Sagar;

"And once, when the daily march was o'er,  
As tired I sat in my tented door,  
Hope failed me, as never it failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside fane,  
By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,  
I had taught,—and my teaching all seemed vain.

"No glimmer of light (I sighed) appears;  
The Moslem's Fate and the Buddhist's fears  
Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.

"For Christ and his truth I stand alone  
In the midst of millions: a sand-grain blown  
Against yon temple of ancient stone

"As soon may level it! Faith forsook  
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look;  
Then, rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof, for the cooler air:  
I gazed, and marvelled;—how crumbled were  
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

"For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone,  
Most plainly rent by its roots alone,  
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown:

"Whose gradual stress would still expand  
The crevice, and topple upon the sand  
The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand

"The tree in its living verdure!—Who  
Could compass the thought?—The bird that flew  
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall  
Than earthquake,—war,—simoon,—or all  
The centuries, in their lapse and fall!

"Then I knelt by the riven granite there,  
And my soul shook off its weight of care,  
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:—

"The living seeds I have dropped remain  
In the cleft: Lord, quicken with dew and rain,  
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain!"

—Margaret J. Preston.

## The Relation of Animals and Plants to Time.

As to animals, the teeming microscopic life of a drop of pond water includes that of creatures which appear to live but for a few hours, while the proverbial *ephemera*, in its winged state, lives but one day, or even less.

On the other hand, a tortoise which died in the Bishop of Peterborough's garden, in 1821, was more than two hundred and twenty years of age, and one belonging to Archbishop Laud died from neglect at the age of one hundred and twenty-eight years. As to fishes, the pike has been said to live for two hundred and sixty-seven years, and the carp for two hundred years.

It is highly probable that the gigantic salamander may live for a greatly prolonged period, and frogs and toads are probably long-lived animals, small as is their relative size. A toad has been kept for thirty-six years without showing signs of age, and then died through an accident. Whales have been supposed to live from three to four hundred years. The life of an elephant is said to extend beyond a hundred years, but of this there seems as yet to be no certain evidence. Birds, as creatures at once so active and warm-blooded (and thus compressing, as it were, much life into a small period), might be expected to be short-lived. Yet parrots have been known to live for upwards of a century, and pelicans, geese, and crows may exceed the period commonly allotted to man. But, however commonly three-score years and ten may be the term of human life, man can certainly both live and retain his intellectual faculties more or less beyond a hundred years. Yet a horse is generally old at thirty, and is not known ever to have attained twice that age. The life of a sheep is of about fifteen years' duration, and that of a dog from fifteen to twenty, although allied animals are much longer lived. Thus, the lion called "Pompey," which died in the Tower of London in 1760, had lived there for no less than seventy years.

Wolves have disappeared from England since the time of Henry VIII., though in Scotland they existed till 1743, and in Ireland till 1766, if not even somewhat later.

But sixty years ago the great bustard wandered about the South Downs and on Salisbury Plain, and we all know how rare many beasts and birds have become which once were common in Great Britain.

In 1741, the illustrious naturalist, Steller, was wrecked on a small island off the coast of Kamtchatka; since called Behring's Island. There he found in enormous numbers an unwieldy aquatic beast, the *rytina*, which he took to be the manatee\* which it closely resembled. Peaceful and harmless, browsing on sea-weed, with dull senses, but with strong feelings of attachment for their mates, these beasts seem long to have escaped discovery, in spite of the various exploring expeditions which visited Eastern Siberia after it came into the possession of Russia in the latter part of the seventeenth century. This escape was doubtless due to its very restricted range; for it seems not to have inhabited the mainland of Kamtchatka, or America, or the Kurile Islands, or any other part except the remote and desolate spot where it was discovered, and where doubtless for ages it had held, in undisputed sovereignty, its "ancient solitary reign." Unfortunately for it, it was not only equally incapable of flight or of self-defence, but its unwieldy body proved to be excellent eating. The result was, that such was the havoc made by the crews of trading vessels, that, in only twenty-seven years from the time of its first discovery, the last survivor was killed and the species entirely extirpated. Another example of rapid extirpation by sailors is that of the gigantic and defenceless ground pigeon† of Mauritius (without powers of flight), which was called the dodo, and which, till lately, was only known by some old representations, and a solitary head, two feet, and the more or less imperfect skulls.‡ No specimen of the dodo has been known alive since 1681.

The great auk, also now extinct, survived till 1844, and some seventy skins, nine skeletons, a variety of bones, and sixty-five eggs of the bird are now carefully preserved in museums. But the most wholesale and regrettable destruction of lately-existing animals is that which the natives of New Zealand have effected. Previously to its human colonization, that island was inhabited by a number of gigantic birds of various (at least four) species, of which group the little apteryx is the sole surviving, dimin-

\* Both belong to the order *Sirenia*. See "Contemporary Review" for September, 1879, p. 9.

† Anatomically it was a pigeon, but in habits and appearance it was very unlike the pigeon of our day.

‡ A head and foot at Oxford; a foot in the British Museum; a skull at Copenhagen; and part of a skull at Prague.

utive, and more or less remotely allied representative. We are indebted to the skill and patience of Professor Owen for ideal restoration of these wonderful avian giants, the tallest of which was eleven feet high.

When the Cape of Good Hope was first explored, the common zebra was found in its vicinity. Farther in the interior another kind was subsequently discovered and sent to our collections, where it was valued for its rarity. Now, the "common" zebra, much the more completely and beautifully striped, is the rare one, and threatens to become extinct, as does the majestic African elephant, if its reckless slaughter for the sake of its tusks is not soon suspended. The American bison, again, must eventually disappear from the earth's surface, unless protected as its congener in Europe—the aurochs—preserved by the Emperor of Russia. — *St. George Mivart in Contemp. Review.*

#### Biography of Animals.

For instance, I should like to have the complete biography of every animal. I should wish that after its individual character, natural appetites, and way of life had been treated of, the observer should endeavor to see it in all the circumstances which may arise to oppose the immediate satisfaction of its wants; circumstances whose varying nature breaks the regularity of its ordinary proceedings, and forces it to have recourse to fresh devices.

If the history of a carnivorous animal be chosen, it is not enough to state generally what animals he preys upon, and how he seizes them; we should trace the steps by which experience teaches him to facilitate his chase and insure its success, the new inventions to which scarcity leads him, and consider the number of known facts, supplied by memory and combined by reflection, which are involved in the devices to which he has recourse. We should observe, also, the modifications of his actions due to the active influence of the passions, such as fear, love, &c., to which he is subject; how far the keenness of want sets aside the dictates of prudence, and the distrust induced by experience neutralizes the activity aroused by hunger. It is only by this observation of the animal in all ages and situations of life that a right judgment of the development of his instincts and the degree of his intelligence can be formed. If he belongs to a species living in society, either constantly or only for a certain season each year, the additional projects and enterprises superinduced by this association must also be noted. The thorough knowledge of all these different orders of life would add new charms to the spectacle of the universe for the philosopher, and could not but give a fresh impulse to his admiration for the Supreme Being, who has so infinitely varied the affections as well as the outward forms of his creatures, and made all subservient to the eternal plan known only to himself. — *Leroy.*

#### Our Poor Relations.

I mean it literally. Between the lowest forms of animal life hardly to be distinguished from the vegetable, between these and the highest ape, extend broad realms of structure growing more complex and of consciousness increasing and refining; throughout these realms we trace a gradual ascent, a link of the first member and the last. Again: idiots, savages, the average man of us, the Newton or the Shakespeare in his prime—these also make a chain whose ends are very far apart, but whose links lay hold each one on the next, throughout the whole wide distance. But between that highest ape and the lowest human idiot lies a gap uncrossed, it is declared, by the chain of life; a great gulf seems fixed—on the one side, the brute creation; on the other side, a new creation, man. Without discussing Darwinism, it will not be disputed that of late these two sides seem to be nearing one another, as we study them. — *Rev. W. C. Gannett.*

#### Domestic Animals.

The health, beauty, and usefulness of domestic animals depend greatly upon their cleanliness and the cleanly keeping or care of them. Not only can they be taught to be cleanly and decent themselves, but they become docile and agreeable in proportion as they are cleanly. Suitable means of cleanliness, especially for their voluntary daily bathing in water, to the extent that each species of such animals desires to bathe, should be provided by the persons who keep them. Nearly all quadrupeds seek opportunities to walk about in fresh water. Birds and certain fowls bathe with deliberation and pleasure, and all the domestic animals instinctively seek fresh, clean bedding or nests. To neglect the duty of providing for these instinctive wants of such animals is cruel, and will cause disease in them, besides endangering the health of the family and any human beings who have much to do with them. Physicians know that the diseases of domestic animals are chiefly "filth diseases," and those of the dog, the horse, the swine, and the cat cause much injury to the human family. Give such creatures all the means of living most cleanly and healthfully, if you would be protected against the loathsome maladies which they aid in propagating when unclean and diseased. — *Southern Workman*

#### Longevity of Fishes.

Some days ago I had occasion to make some inquiry into the age of fishes, and was surprised to find that they lived so long. Thinking that there are others who know as little about the subject as I did, I append a letter I received from Professor Spencer W. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, who is the best authority in the world on fish. He writes:—

"There is, I believe, authentic evidence to show that carp have attained an age of two hundred years. There is a tradition that, within the last fifty years, a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. The fish is said to have been eighteen feet long. This, however, is not considered very reliable. But there is nothing to prevent a fish from living almost indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year of life. In species like mammals and birds, where there is a limit, a definite term of years is generally the rule."

There are now some gold-fish here, in the aquariums of the United States botanical garden, that are fifty years old. A gold-fish dealer, in Baltimore, showed me some gold-fish that he had kept in his aquarium for thirty years. — *Washington Letter to the Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

#### The Wild Horses of America.

At the time of the discovery of America there were not horses in any part of that continent, although the boundless prairies were admirably fitted for the support of countless herds. Soon, however, those imported by the settlers strayed away, and as a consequence are now to be met with in enormous numbers, in some cases amounting, it is said, to ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, whom they implicitly obey. When threatened with danger, at some signal, understood by them all, they either close into a dense mass and trample their enemy to death, or, placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle and welcome him with their heels. The leader first faces the danger, and, when prudence requires a retreat, all follow his rapid flight. In the thinly inhabited parts of South America, according to Youatt, it is dangerous to fall in with any of these troops. The wild horses approach as near as they dare; they call to the loaded horse with the greatest eagerness, and if the rider is not on the alert, and has not considerable strength of arm and sharpness of spur, his animal will divest himself of his burden, take to his heels, and be gone forever. Byron well describes the wild horse in his "Mazeppa"

#### Morality.

We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides;  
But tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 't were done,  
Not till the hours of light return  
All we have built do we discern.

Then when the clouds are off the soul,  
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
Ask how she view'd thy self-control,  
Thy struggling, task'd morality.  
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air  
Of made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she whose censure thou dost dread,  
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,  
See, on her face a glow is spread,  
A strong emotion on her cheek.  
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine—  
Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

There is no effort on my brow—  
I do not strive, I do not weep,  
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow  
In joy, and when I will I sleep.  
Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
I saw, I felt it once—but where?"

"I knew not yet the gauge of Time,  
Nor wore the manacles of Space.  
I felt it in some other clime—  
I saw it in some other place.  
—'T was when the heavenly house I trod,  
And lay upon the breast of God."  
— *Matthew Arnold.*

#### Laws on the Punishment of Animals.

An old English law, which was not repealed until 1846, provided, not only a beast that kills a man, but a cart-wheel that ran over him, or a tree that fell upon him and killed him, was deodand, or given to God, i. e., forfeited and sold for the poor. Among the records of ancient legislation in France, we have on the 4th June, 1094, the hanging of a pig for devouring the babe of a cow-herd at Laon. A sanction for the punishment of animals would be found in the Jewish law, which directed, "If an ox gore a man or woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned and his flesh shall not be eaten" (Ex. 21: 28). — *Clodd.*

#### Education.

"Instead, therefore, of filling up the whole interval between brain-work and brain-work with play, I like to see the children employed so as to make them handy—the girls in the cleaning, cooking, sewing, and knitting; the lads in tailoring, shoemaking, gardening, and agriculture; not each confined to one occupation, but shifting about—not at will so as to encourage desultory habits, but only so as to give them that manifold capacity which we call "handiness." At Mr. Yorke's Industrial School, a little fellow learned to mend, or perhaps only to cobble shoes; that is to say, he was no doubt a very rude workman, but he had acquired the power of doing something which would effect a useful purpose. Having received some pence as a reward, he ran off to his mother, obtained a pair of her shoes which required mending, bought with his pence leather and other necessary materials, and then going back to his tools he made himself his mother's benefactor by repairing her shoes. Thus did hands and heart receive a lesson which many a man has passed through school and college without learning—and indeed without learning anything else of half its value." — *Life of M. D. Hull, p. 354.*



*Doings of Kindred Societies.*

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR P. C. A., a pamphlet of 41 pages, has come to hand. It is adorned with a picture of the headquarters of the society, corner of 4th Avenue and 22d Street, New York City, and a picture of a drinking hydrant for man and beast.

The report states that thirteen States and Territories only remain without laws to protect animals. They are Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Nevada, Alaska, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Indiana, Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming. Arkansas has lately passed a law on this subject. The "incipient steps" which brought it about were taken by Mr C. J. Peshell, who is "a descendant of the great author of the 'Martin Act,' first presented to the British Parliament more than fifty years ago, for the protection of animals." This is a gratifying proof of the transmission of humane characteristics; but the Martin Act was first presented in the year 1821.

The report contains Mr Bergh's memorial to the Legislature of New York on the subject of vivisection, and a copy of the act he desired, which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

The society has 113 branches in the State of New York, and reports, in 1879, 746 prosecutions. Of these, 301 were for working horses in an unfit condition, because of sores, lameness, or disease; overloading, 38; beating horses with sticks, &c., 98; abandoning to die in the streets and open lots, 42; dog and cock fighting and rat baiting, 27; refusing to blanket clipped horses, and exposing animals to storms, 21; acts of cruelty to cattle, dogs, cats, goats, &c., 41; cruelty to dogs, committed by city dog catchers, 10; &c., &c.

Nearly seven thousand dogs were destroyed in as humane a manner as possible, at the dog pound of New York City, under the supervision of the officers of the society.

The receipts of the society were \$11,757.18, of which \$5,286.63 were from rents of real estate; \$788.80 for interest; \$1,200 from two legacies; \$1,502.75 from fines, and \$2,979.50 from annual dues and donations. We congratulate the American Society upon its excellent showing of work done in 1879. It is fortunate above all other American societies in its ownership of real estate through former generous bequests to it.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PENN. SOCIETY FOR P. C. A. is at hand, in a pamphlet of 41 pages. It has a picture of its ambulance for the removal of disabled animals. The attempt of the society to found a veterinary school in the State of Pennsylvania has not yet met the success hoped for, and the society has "yet to press this matter more closely on the consideration of our citizens and the resident stock owners throughout the State."

The decease of many members, and other causes, have reduced the number of annual subscribers.

The receipts in 1879 were \$5,730.36, from the following sources: From members, \$2,565.00; donations, \$802.40; fines and miscellaneous receipts, \$893.50; interest, \$1,469.46.

The society dealt with 429 cases of cruelty, and 280 horses and mules were turned out of harness; 674 warnings given, and 88 animals killed. Of the cases, 305 related to horses; 56 to dogs; 16 to cattle; bear and bull fight, 1; pigeon shooting, 1; cock-fighting, 4; abusing turtles, 4; &c., &c.

An interesting account is given of the action of the society in the bear and bull fight, where a conviction was not had of the guilty owners, but several arrests were made and a wholesome influence roused against any repetition.

Secretary Levick says that the horses of the rich continue to suffer from the use of the fashionable double-bitted bridle. In Philadelphia the mayor of the city issued a general order to the police department "to be watchful and diligent in regard to the statutes for the protection of animals from cruelty, and in every case where a violation of the act occurs in their presence, or within their knowledge, to arrest the offenders and enforce the penalties."

The report gives an extended account of the American Humane Association meeting, held at Chicago, in October last.

The society distributes one hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals." An urgent appeal is made, and one we hope that may be successful, for a more liberal support. In such a community as Philadelphia, this society ought to be on as solid a foundation, financially, as Mr. Bergh's in New York. Surely its many wealthy and generous men and women will see that this is done. One bequest of \$5,000 the society failed to receive, in 1879, through legal informalities.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]

*Great German Royal Society for P. C. A.*

PLEDGE.—Great German Royal Society for the Protection of Animals, founded 1877, extended in 1879 to an International People's League.

1. No payment of money, either now or in the future is required, as such a thing would make impossible the universal spreading of our league over the whole German kingdom.

2. The membership includes those still attending the schools, from a certain age upwards. At what age their scholars shall affix their signatures must be decided by the better judgment of teachers. But it is determined that no scholars shall be eligible who have not reached the age of ten years.

3. Adults join the league as protectors, and they will sign the "Declaration" for "Protectors." The participation of our women and young girls is especially desired, because that will advance the cause in a high degree.

4. Every belief, every confession, is welcome.

5. There are no other statutes. The central office collects in its archives the lists, &c.

Also, all communications relating to the league should be addressed to J. F. C. Kuchtmann, Bremen.

DECLARATION.—I hereby join the great German league for the protection of animals, and pledge myself, through my signature, never in my life to torture an animal, be it large or small; and also, where I can, and as I can, to prevent animals from being tortured by others.

PROTECTORS (ADULTS).—Christian and surname, Residence, street and number,

MEMBERS.—(Not yet confirmed, but not under 10.) Christian and surname, Age, Residence, street and number,

*Vivisection.*

In a speech in the Legislative Chamber at Albany, Mr. Bergh stated that,—

"On the 23d of November I despatched an officer of the society I represent, to attend an exhibition of a similar sort at one of the colleges of the city of New York. It was necessary to employ much stratagem in order to gain admission—recalling to my mind the jealous suspicion of the ancient order of the Inquisition. After a short delay, the professor appeared upon the platform, and the performance began. A live dog was brought in—said to be under the influence of an anesthetic—and the experimenter made a deep gash into the breast of the animal, into

which he inserted the nozzle of a bellows; but for what scientific purpose, my messenger, not being a scholar, could not determine. The palpitating creature was then ripped open from one end to the other, so that the entire interior was exposed to view, and the heart taken out and put upon a sort of a plate, and passed around among the class, to show that it still palpitated, although removed from the body. A little manoeuvring, which was incomprehensible to our agent for the prevention of cruelty, was gone through with, when the mangled body of the poor dog—an immortal work of the Deity, remember—was tossed into a corner of the room, as though it had been an old boot, and the delighted class skipped out of the laboratory!"

The law asked by Mr. Bergh of the Assembly of New York, to prohibit vivisection, is copied below:—

The people of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:—

SECTION 1.—Every person who shall perform or cause to be performed or assist in performing in or upon any living animal an act of vivisection shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 2.—The term "vivisection" used in this act shall include every investigation, experiment or demonstration producing, or of a nature to produce, pain or disease in any living animal, including the cutting, wounding, or poisoning thereof, except when the same is for the purpose of curing or alleviating some physical suffering or disease in such living animal, or in order to deprive it of life when incurable.

SECT. 3.—This act shall take effect immediately.

*The Society for P. C. A. at the Hague.*

The Hon. J. C. Van Maseen, Secretary, writes to President Angell that "the society has now about 3,000 members and three branch societies. We have had for two years a regular dog shelter for the whole country. It was erected by my wife, whose zeal for what she created is very great. Every day she is to be found in the dog home. The use of dogs as draught beasts is diminishing; several towns and villages have forbidden it. In this town different municipal regulations make it difficult and annoying for the owners of such dogs, so that not a single dog is seen in harness. All the activity and pecuniary strength of our society is actually directed to oppose vivisection; but till now without success. Our enemies, the 'men of science,' are powerful, because their assertions are thought more true than ours. It is a desperate, dreadful war!"

*Health.*

The registration of disease is one of the simplest duties that could fall to the action of the State. It has only to be done, and might within one year be in as perfect working order as the registration of births, marriages and deaths. In the year 1855 I commenced an effort to test the practicability of this scheme, and was soon assisted by a large body of competent observers. At one time fifty observers were lending me their services, from forty-four points of observation, extending from the Scilly Islands to the Hebrides. The facts were published quarterly. The disease affecting the human subject, the diseases affecting the lower animals, and the diseases affecting plants, were recorded with more or less detail. In one of these reports was given, in the spring of 1857, the first distinct account of the outbreak of diphtheria in England, at the village of Ash.—*Health and Life*, Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON, p. 312.

*Open Bridles.*

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser: It is admitted by good judges that horse-car companies can save 10 per cent. in cost of horses, 10 per cent. in cost of keeping, 10 per cent. in cost of harnesses, 50 per cent. in cost of whips, and all horses in use look 20 per cent. better, by adopting open bridles. SAMUEL PAGE.

BOSTON, March 22, 1880.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, April, 1880.

## Our April Paper.

The picture of the beautiful Fountain at Central Park, Chicago, was furnished us by the "Illinois Humane Journal," for which its publishers have our thanks. Whether as a monument or for public uses, the structure is nobly appropriate.

We are glad to add the portrait of Miss Frances P. Cobbe to our extending list of eminent advocates of our cause.

We ask the attention of our New England readers to the public meeting on the 12th anniversary of the Mass Society P. C. A.

## Public Meeting on the 12th Anniversary of the Mass. Society P. C. A.

A committee of arrangements has in hand such a meeting, at which the Prizes of the Society will be distributed by Gov. Long. The time now in view is Friday evening, April 9th; but our readers will please look at the daily papers, in order to be sure that no postponement has been found necessary.

A meeting of great interest may be expected. The Schubert Quartette, who gave so much satisfaction last year, will again furnish vocal music, and Mr. Ole Bull, the distinguished and generous violinist, has volunteered his aid in proof of his sympathy with our cause, if he can be present, as he expects now to be.

Of course there will be reports from the several committees on Prizes, and brief speeches from gentlemen whose words are always welcome. Come, friends, and share in the great pleasure that may reasonably be expected.

## The Directors' Meeting

for March was held on the 17th, at 96 Tremont Street, at 11 A. M. President Angell in the Chair. Present: Mrs. Appleton, Miss Wigglesworth, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Lasigi, Miss Lyman, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Paine, and Messrs. Angell, Sawyer, Geo. Noyes, Reed, and Firth.

The Secretary read the record of the last meeting, which was corrected and then approved. He also read the cash report for February, which was referred to the Finance Committee. He also read the income and expenses for the year which ended March 1, and which will appear in the next annual report. The question of a Fair next December was discussed for some time, when action upon it was deferred to the next regular meeting of the Directors.

A committee of three to nominate Directors to the next annual meeting, on March 30, was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Appleton, Miss Lyman, and Geo. Noyes. The question of a public meeting at which to make distribution of the Prizes offered by the Society was considered, and it was decided to hold such a meeting at such time and place as a committee of arrangements shall decide. The committee are Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Johnson, Messrs. Sawyer, Noyes, and Firth, and the President *ex officio*.

Capt Currier made an interesting statement of many cases which the agents have had during the last month, answering many questions about them.

About 1 o'clock the meeting adjourned.

## Cases Investigated by Office Agents in February.

Whole number of complaints received, 120: viz., Beating, 7; overworking and overloading, 12; driving when lame or galled, 32; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 18; abandoning, 2; torturing, 4; cruelly transporting, 5; general cruelty, 40. Remedied without prosecution, 32; warned, 40; not substantiated, 28; not found, 8; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 3; pending March 1st, 2 (\$39, 540). Animals killed, 12; taken from work, 32.

## Cruelties in the Chicago Stock-Yards.

The State of Illinois employs a State agent in each of the great stock-yards at East St. Louis, and Chicago. The first agent at Chicago was recommended to the Governor by the Illinois Humane Society, and he proved to be humane, efficient, and wholly competent, in all respects. Great improvements were made, among which was the abandonment in the yard of the use of the horrid implement of torture known as the "prod." Unhappily for the poor animals, Mr. McDonald had a better offer for duty elsewhere in October last, which he accepted. The Humane Society, true to its duty, found a man to fill the regretted vacancy, and recommended his appointment; but this time the society's advice was disregarded, and another man was selected. The new man had not been there long when ominous reports of his utter neglect of the duty of protecting the animals were heard. The society sent a man to the yard to make observations and report upon the facts. He did so. His report confirmed the worst reports. The society did not, however, succeed in getting the Governor to make a change in the agent. A few days ago, however, the "Chicago Tribune" sent one of its reporters to the yards, and his observations confirmed the worst imputations upon the agent that had been heard from others. The "Tribune," with his report, is before us as we write. Its statements are simply horrible. They are too bad for us to lay before our readers. That such deeds should be done by civilized men, would be beyond belief, did they come in a questionable shape. It should be enough that the people of Illinois and their Governor have already seen them, and heard the cries of indignation they occasioned.

"It cannot be" that a man under whose eyes such acts are permitted will be continued in his office. Dismissal would be a poor ending of such infamy; but penitentiaries, at present, are not for such as he. A good many people as far off as Massachusetts will wait with hope the early action of the Governor. In the mean time, we keep the record in the hope it may never seem necessary to cause it to appear in our columns.

## Memphis, Tenn.

We are delighted to hear that an earnest movement in organizing a society for P. C. A. has begun in Memphis. Its president *pro tem.* is Gen. W. J. Smith, who has shown his humanity by his devotion to the sufferers from yellow fever during the last two years in that city. It is in the hearts of generous men of his stamp, we naturally look for the quickest response to the claims in behalf of abused animals. Mr. W. L. Parker is secretary. May the attempt meet the success it merits!

Mrs. Appleton, of this city, has already made known to our friends there her generous purpose to help them begin their work.

## The Talcott Fountain at Chicago, Ill.

We are indebted to Mr. Landon, of the "Illinois Humane Journal," for the picture on the 87th page of the last Fountain erected in Chicago, which was completed, dedicated, and accepted by the Park commissioners in behalf of the city in September last.

"The fountain," says the "Journal," "has been placed near the south gateway of Central Park, and is of artistic design and elegant proportions. The foundation is of Lemont stone, sixteen feet in diameter, extending to a depth of five feet underground, and this is surmounted by a circular basin of Joliet marble, indented on opposite sides by two stone steps, by which the drinking fountains are reached. Two silver-plated faucets, with chains and cups attached, are furnished for these smaller basins. From the larger basin eight horses can drink at one time. The stone work is topped by an elaborate ornamental iron vase, filled with choice flowers and trailing plants, from the centre of which a fancy lamp extends to a height of four feet. The following inscription is cut in the stone-work on both sides of the base: 'The Illinois Humane Society. Mancel Talcott. 1879.'"

The location is in the magnificent park of that city, which attracts all visitors, and to which the multitude of pleasure and health seekers of the city resort on pleasant days. On such days, in the summer time, many hundreds of horses are seen going and coming between it and the city, and the cooling drink this fountain offers is found just where it is most needed. What a touching and appropriate memorial it is also of a good man! What wisdom and affection it proves on the part of his surviving family!

## Portland, Oregon.

A correspondent in Portland, Oregon, informs us that a society to prevent cruelty to animals will be soon organized there.

## Hoof Pads for Horses.

Mr. E. F. Flower, who has done so much good by his anti-bearing-rein agitation, is a great authority on all matters connected with horses. In a letter to the "Daily News" last winter, he strongly recommended Hartmann's patent hoof pad for giving horses a sure foothold on slippery ground. He wrote:—

"I have this winter made a trial of Hartmann's patent hoof pad (buffer), a German invention, which has proved so decidedly successful that I have no hesitation in recommending it for general adoption. Early in December I had one of my carriage-horse's shoes calked; this soon was so much worn that it was necessary to have it renewed, and the result was the same. I then substituted the patent hoof pad for it. My other horse's shoes, from the commencement of the frost, had been fitted with the patent pad, which had been very little worn. During the late slippery state of the roads my horses have travelled over them with ease and security from falling, while at the same time I have seen horses in carriages slipping, sliding about, and at last unable to stand. There are other advantages of this pad, that it does not ball the snow; also, that it can be taken out of the shoe every night, washed and cleaned. Besides, it prevents the horse's feet being injured by the large, loose, and sharp-edged stones which are on the surface of our metropolitan roads, under the present abominable system of road-making."

The late Carl Hübner painted one picture, "The Poacher's Death," which made such an impression upon the German mind that it led to the game laws of the country being changed in accordance with the views it set forth.



Frances Power Cobbe.

Some time ago we ventured to ask Miss Cobbe for her photograph that it might be engraved for O. D. A. By her kind response we are now enabled to continue the series of portraits of well-known friends of our cause.

Among the distinguished and powerful advocates of justice to the dumb creation, Miss Cobbe has her true place. She is the honorary secretary of the Victoria Street Society "for the protection of animals from vivisection." Whoever has seen the half-yearly report of that society, up to Dec. 31, 1879, will need no other proof of her wide knowledge of the painful subject; of her heartfelt interest in its prohibition and of her competency to deal with its ablest defenders. She is a leader in the organized movement to secure the repeal of the recent law of England which permits vivisection in medical schools to which special licenses, under conditions, have been granted by government. Every person who desires to know the argument or to get the newest facts, or to see the best statement of the advocates of prohibition of all vivisection, will do well to study what Miss Cobbe has written. The regular readers of this paper have seen extracts from her writings in this behalf, and will see more in the future. In a recent letter to us, Miss Cobbe expressed her high admiration of Mr. Bergh, for his course against vivisection.

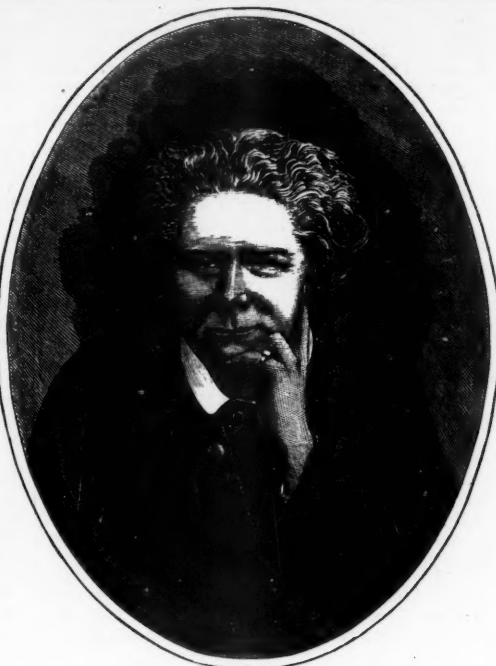
Miss Cobbe's writings are upon the more serious aspects of life and duty, and are characterized by a profound religious spirit; by courageous fidelity to her own convictions; by breadth of view and by deep sympathy with all suffering. She has written on "burning questions" and against prevailing ideas on many subjects, both religious and reformatory, and shares largely in the honor and the reproach that attaches to such outspoken advocacy. We do not suppose she would have this otherwise, if she could. With Whittier, we doubt not, she would say:—

"Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted;  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul."

A recent report of Miss Cobbe's death called out such expressions of appreciation and sorrow as showed how high a place she has won among the thinkers and beneficent workers of our time. The titles of a few of her writings will indicate the range of her topics and often her conclusions upon them.

"The Workhouse as an Hospital," 1861; "Friendless Girls and How to Help Them," 1861; "Female Education," 1862; "Essays on the Pursuits of Woman," 1863; "Broken Lights: an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith," 1864; "Italics," 1869; "Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors. Is the Classification Sound?" 1869; "Darwinism in Morals, and other Essays," 1872; "An Essay on Intuitive Morals;" "The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here," 1874; "Moral Aspects of Vivisection," 1877.

Miss Cobbe was born near Dublin in 1822, and lives in London.



MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

#### Sympathy.

Not only do our sympathies require to be more equally extended as regards nations, classes, sexes, and ages; but there is sore need that they should spread outside the human race, among the tribes of sentient creatures who lie beneath us and at our mercy. The great ideas of a common humanity and a common Christianity, which were at first such noble extensions of family and national sympathies, have long acted as limitations thereof.

Similarly, the limitation of sympathy to humanity caused English moralists of the last century to argue deliberately that the evil of cruelty to the lower creatures lay solely in the fact that it injured the finer feelings—the humanity—of the men who were guilty of it. Even to this hour, it is not rare to hear in cultivated society the fiendish practice of vivisection condemned or excused by reference solely to the hardening of the sentiments of young surgeons, or the benefits which may remotely accrue to some hypothetical human sufferer, the cause of whose disease may just possibly be elucidated thereby.

More difficult is it to estimate the cruel results of the competition for professional advancement, and for "quick returns and large profits," out of which come such offences as the adulterations of food and medicine, the unnatural and portentous extension of the liquor-traffic, and the frightful recklessness of life displayed in the employment of unseaworthy ships. These things are more shocking to the moral sense than the savage atrocities of half-barbarous times, being done at the instigation of meaner passions, by men far more accountable for their actions. But though Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle treat them as the genuine "signs of the times," I am inclined to believe that a better test of our state may be found in the widespread horror and disgust which they have created, and the preponderance, far beyond that of any former age, of public deeds springing unmistakably from the purest enthusiasm of humanity. There are few, I think, who, on calm reflection, will hesitate to admit that there exist less of the antisocial passions, and more of the humane and benevolent ones, now in the world, than at any known period of past history.

Even our poor sympathies, such as they are

#### A Quiet Life on Earth.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;  
I do not say, come in;  
You are a stranger to the company  
I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls  
Contentment doth abide;  
And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,  
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room  
Wherein I toil for bread,  
And that, because oblivion is my doom,  
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,  
The poverty your own?  
Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,  
In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries  
"Twixt which my body moves;  
But I behold a wider land that lies,  
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take  
My largess of delight?  
Are not all things created for his sake  
Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—  
Mine to enjoy and use  
For all life's noblest uses, though no gold  
Has made it mine to lose?

—Christian Union.

now, are the source of all our purest joys. Pain and pleasure alike undergo a Rosicrucian transformation from lead to gold, when they pass through the alembic of another's soul; and while the dreariest hell would be entire self-inwardment, so the sweetest heaven would be to feel as God feels for every creature he has made. When we have advanced a little nearer to such divine sympathy, then it is obvious, also, that we shall be more capable of the supreme joy of divine love, and no longer find the harmony of communion forever broken by the discords of earth. He who will teach us how truly to love the unlovely, will lead us into the land where our sun shall no more go down.

Such is, I believe, the great hope of the human race. It does not lie in the "progress of the intellect," or in the conquest of fresh powers over the realms of nature; not in the improvement of laws, or the more harmonious adjustment of the relations of classes and states; not in the glories of art, or the triumphs of science. All these things may, and doubtless will, adorn the better and happier ages of the future. But that which will truly constitute the blessedness of man will be the gradual dying-out of his tiger passions, his cruelty and his selfishness, and the growth within him of the godlike faculty of love and self-sacrifice; the development of that holiest sympathy wherein all souls shall blend at last, like the tints of the rainbow which the Seer beheld around the great white throne on high.—  
Frances Power Cobbe.

#### Sympathy for Animals.

The power of feeling for animals, realizing their wants and making their pains our own, is one which is most irregularly shown by human beings. A Timon may have it, and a Howard be devoid of it. A rough shepherd's heart may overflow with it, and that of an exquisite fine gentleman and distinguished man of science may be as utterly without it as the nether millstone. One thing I think must be clear: till a man has learnt to feel for all his sentient fellow-creatures, whether in human or in brutal form, of his own class and sex and country or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step towards true civilization nor applied the first lesson from the love of God.—  
Frances Power Cobbe.

## Children's Department.

*The Shag.*

"What is that great bird, sister, tell me,  
Perched high on the top of the crag?"

"T is the cormorant, dear little brother;  
The fishermen call it the shag."

"But what does it there, sister, tell me,  
Sitting lonely against the black sky?"

"It has settled to rest, little brother;  
It bears the wild gale wailing high."

"But I am afraid of it, sister,  
For over the sea and the land  
It gazes, so black and so silent!"

"Little brother, hold fast to my hand."

"Oh, what was that, sister? The thunder?  
Did the shag bring the storm and the cloud,  
The wind and the rain and the lightning?"

"Little brother, the thunder roars loud."

"Run fast, for the rain sweeps the ocean;  
Look! over the lighthouse it streams;  
And the lightning leaps red, and above us  
The gulls fill the air with their screams."

O'er the beach, o'er the rocks, running swiftly,  
The little white cottage they gain;  
And safely they watch from the window  
The dance and the rush of the rain.

But the shag kept his place on the headland,  
And, when the brief storm had gone by,  
He shook his loose plumes, and they saw him  
Rise splendid and strong in the sky.

Clinging fast to the gown of his sister,  
The little boy laughed as he flew:  
"He is gone with the wind and lightning!  
And—I am not frightened,—are you?"

—Celia Thaxter.

SPEAKING of cats, a little mouse, with a blue ribbon tied round his neck, is the singular pet of a saleswoman in a Washington-street shop. The little animal is fastened by a fine chain to its owner's dress, and plays about her shoulders, in and out of her sleeve and neck, as prettily as you please.—*Boston Gazette.*

*A Wonderful Parrot.*

My father, knowing my desire to have a parrot, employed a connoisseur to make the purchase. It was a fine young gray bird, with a scarlet tail. When she came to me, the bird had never spoken, and it was some weeks before she did. I took great pains with her. When she began to speak, I taught her to do so distinctly, and Poll soon caught the tones of my voice, though I never anticipated that she would become the clever, intelligent bird she did. Her speaking powers were wonderful—not as a simple imitation of words, but like a reasoning, thinking creature. Poll was excessively proud and sensitive. Sometimes my brother teased her, and spoke in a contemptuous manner, when she would only shrug her shoulders and relapse into silence, as if he were quite beneath her contempt.

There were two dear friends who at that time were constant visitors. Polly was a great favorite with them, and a source of much amusement to both. One day, while we were sitting in the dining-room, she observed them coming across the field at a short distance, and called to me: "Here's W—and R—coming; they will want their dinner. Won't Lizzy be in a rage! Ah! ah! won't she, that's all."

"Nonsense, Polly," I said. "Don't tell stories. They are not coming; and, if they were, you could not see them;" not supposing her sight was so keen.

"Well, you'll see," replied Polly.

In a few moments the bell rang, and Mr W—and Mr. R— appeared. Nothing could quiet

the bird. She seemed in an ecstasy of fun and mischief, and had to be carried away into the kitchen to the cook, who, to her no little annoyance, had to prepare an impromptu dinner. The dinner was served, and Polly returned to her own place. By this time she was thoroughly excited, and began praising herself and her dear mistress. Mr R—, who thoroughly admired the bird, led the conversation.

First she looked at her foot. "What a beautiful foot! What a tail, and a red one, too!"

"Yes, Polly, you are a beautiful bird, and a clever one as well. You saw us coming across the field, and knew we had not had our dinner. You are a knowing bird, Polly."

"Ha, ha!" with her curious laugh. "Polly is a clever bird, Polly's a beautiful bird. What a Polly! what a—what a—Polly!"

We all laughed heartily, in which she joined—Polly loudest of all.

Mr. R— said: "Well done! You ought to be sent to college to teach the students elocution."

One of the most singular instances of her intelligence and great naughtiness was the following: One morning I had gone from home. A young servant went to Polly's cage, and, not knowing that she was very savage, opened it. Polly flew at her hand. The girl was frightened, left the door open, and ran away; and, the window being open, Polly walked out into the front garden. The cook saw her, and called; but the bird would not come back; so thinking it was best to leave her until my return, cook watched her climb into a tree.

I had had experience of Polly's perverse disposition, and knew that only by stratagem I could manage her. I walked down the path, and carrying a favorite cat with me, sat down near the tree and proceeded to stroke Pussy and pet her. "Poor Pussy! poor Pussy! You shall be my pet now. Polly has gone away and left me." I often bought her a sweet biscuit, and I had some with me, which I gave to the cat, still stroking her. My ruse had succeeded: I had aroused her jealousy. I heard a rustling in the branches, and presently Polly called out, "Pussy is a wretch."

I did not take any notice; but, still fondling the cat, I said: "Come, Pussy. We will go and see if dinner is ready."

Matters were now progressing. I glanced up, and saw Polly quietly descending the tree; and when she came to the bottom, cried: "Polly's out; Polly has been a walk."

"So I see. Polly can stop out altogether now, if she likes."

"Pussy is a fool—a horrid fool." Her temper was thoroughly roused. She came to me, climbed upon my knee, and rubbed her pretty head upon my hand. I had her safely now. After this, a strong padlock was put upon her cage, to prevent any more tree escapades.

We had a very handsome peacock, which Polly could see from her cage when she was on the lawn. It was absurd to see the strutting bird, his pride and self-assumption, and equally amusing to listen to Polly talking to him. We called him Ralph. Polly then would say: "Come here, Ralph—beautiful Ralph, handsome Ralph! Come, spread your tail."

The tail would be outspread.

"Oh, you beauty! Now, stamp—stamp your foot good, clever Ralph."

One day, while listening to such talk as this, she turned to me and demurely said: "What a fool that Ralph is!"

"Nay, Polly; Ralph is not a fool; he is a very clever bird, and I like him."

Whenever she was not pleased, she shrugged her shoulders, as if in derision. "Now, I say Ralph is a fool." Just then the peacock gave one of those awful cries that peacocks alone can utter. Polly therefore gave another in imitation, and laughing loudly, shrieked: "Ralph is singing—Ralph is singing! Oh! I shall die—I shall die of laughing."

A remarkable instance of her jealous temper was displayed to a parrot which had been pur-

chased by a friend, who sent it to stay with us, hoping that it would learn to speak if it associated with my bird. But Polly conceived an inveterate dislike to the interloper, treating it with contempt, calling it all the ill names she knew. They were both in the dining-room one morning. I had trained her so well to be silent during family worship that she never disturbed us. The other bird made various sounds, not very loud; but Polly knew that all noise was wrong. By way of chiding her ill-bred companion, she said in a whisper: "Hush, hush! Be quiet, you naughty bird!" When prayer was over, she burst out: "You naughty, wicked bird—you horrid bird, your kitchen bird—get out, get out! Away with you!" After this, we saw it was useless to employ her as an instructress, and so sent the despised bird home.

Nevertheless she had her favorites, and was very kind to them. She was very fond of the cat, and would call her to the cage. But the most singular fancy she took was to a little mouse. The winter was very cold, and, as Polly suffered much from it, she was taken every night to my bed-room, where there was a fire, and her cage placed on a low stool near it. One night I heard her talking in a low tone. I listened and heard her say: "Pretty little dear—pretty darling. Polly won't hurt you—Polly won't bite you."

Wondering what she meant, for I was sure that she was not talking to me, I got out of bed and went to her cage. There, in the bottom of the cage, was a little mouse underneath the wires, feeding quite contentedly, and without any sign of fear. I often saw the tiny creature come in and out of Polly's cage, nor did she ever attempt to injure it or drive it away.

One day mamma said to her: "Polly, I am writing to your mistress. Shall I send your love?" "Oh, yes! and here's a pretty feather. E— loves Polly's feathers." It was sent to me, and I have it still. But, unfortunately for Polly's beauty, she bit off nearly all her scarlet feathers to send to me!—*Chambers' Journal.*

*An Honest Dog.*

In reference to the moral faculties possessed by animals, I knew a dog which would never eat anything unless it was paid for; and, if you did not wish him to have a particular dish, you had only to call out, "It is not paid for," and it would be laid down. Call out again, "It is paid for," and the dog would again take it up and devour it with a clear conscience.—*London Standard.*

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves: a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

—Keeble.

*To a Redbreast.*

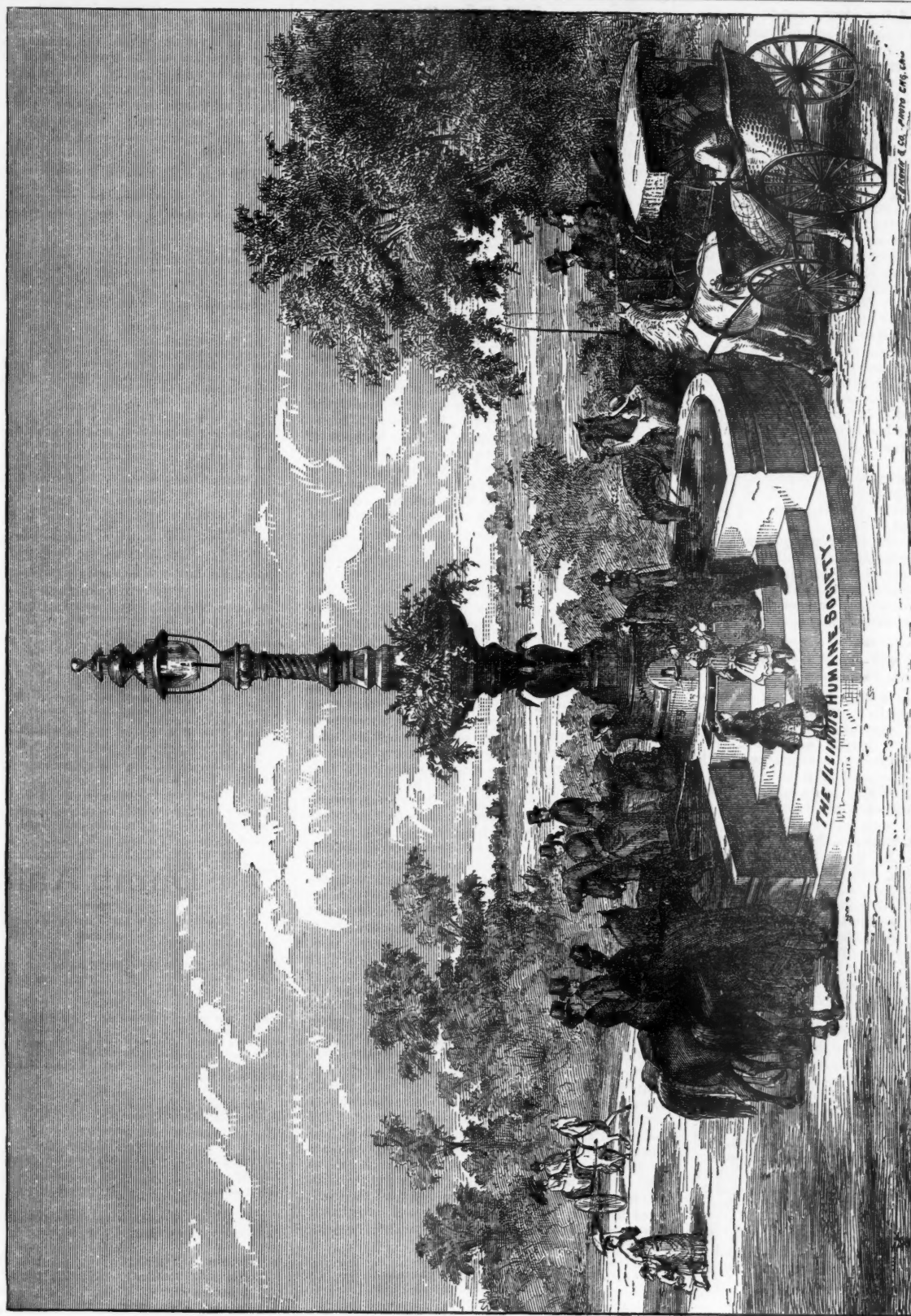
Little bird, with bosom red,  
Welcome to my humble shed!  
Courtly domes of high degree  
Have no room for thee and me;  
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng  
Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,  
While I pick my scanty meal:—  
Doubt not, little though there be,  
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;  
Well rewarded, if I spy  
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;  
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,  
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feathered friend, again?  
Well thou know'st the broken pane:—  
Ask of me thy daily store;  
Go not near Avaro's door;  
Once within his iron hall,  
Woful end shall thee befall.  
Savage!—he would soon divest  
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;  
Then, with solitary joy,  
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

—J. Langhorne.





THE TALCOTT FOUNTAIN AT CENTRAL PARK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. (See page 84.)

## A Dog Story.

Miss Snow owns a noble Newfoundland dog at Harding farm, which is left in charge of Mr. Cruikshank, the farmer, in the absence of the owner. Recently the dog has taken it into his head to roam about the neighborhood and absent himself for considerable periods of time. To keep the dog at home Mr. Cruikshank has been compelled to chain the animal, especially when the men were away from the house. Mr. Chapin Weston also owns a dog, between whom and the Harding dog a strong friendship has long existed, and they have been constantly together enjoying themselves. Since the Harding dog has been chained up his friend at home has paid him the closest attention. The other day the Weston dog made his friend a visit, and the two dogs appeared to hold for a few seconds some sort of conversation with each other. Then the visiting dog sat down, and right under the nose of the other ate up all his dinner, the Harding dog looking on the act in the most unconcerned manner; a strange dog would have gotten a sound thrashing for such impertinence. Then the Weston dog went at the collar round the neck of his friend, and tugged and twitched at it for nearly, if not quite, half an hour, until he had freed the Newfoundland, when the two trotted off in the most joyous manner.

Mrs. Cruikshank witnessed the whole operation, greatly interested; but did not interfere, as she did not for a moment suppose the farm dog would be treed by his friend.

A case of *instinct* say those who do not study the habits of animals,—a marvellous instinct most assuredly,—the whole affair carried out with as perfect a course of reasoning (seasoned with dog language) as any human being could apply to it.—*Brunswick Telegraph*, March 5.

## Fun not Confined to Man—How Animals Play and Enjoy Themselves.

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur ack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*Pasions of Animals*.

## The Pledge of Mercy.

We hereby pledge ourselves never to torment any animal, large or small, and to do all we can to prevent others doing so.

## Kitty on Canvas.

The portrait of a cat, by Miss A. M. Gregory, to be seen at Childs & Co.'s, 4 Park Street, is as pleasing, inimitably life-like, and domestic a sketch as can be found in a Boston art-gallery. The animal is reclining in some grass, forgotten by the mower, with all the natural ease of a lady in her hammock. His head is raised, and you are greeted by the pair of yellow eyes in a friendly, but firm and thoroughly self-respecting fashion, quite comic to behold. It is evident that he is a pet, and a cat of education and superior talent. His plummy coil of a tail, with its handsome dark rings, is not the least of his personal attractions.

Since the above paragraph was written, our curiosity has been gratified by learning a little of the history of this picture. The original belongs to Mr. A. Porter, the well-known optician of Washington St., and is, as any one would readily imagine, a particular pet, permitted to know his consequence, and enjoy a high social position in the household. Moriah is the name with which he is honored; from this it is only natural to surmise that, before arriving at years of discretion, he used to "get his back up" like a mountain, though now he is as amiable as he is intelligent. In proof of the latter point, it is enough to say that Moriah knows the hour of the afternoon at which his master will return, and makes a point of being at the station when the train arrives, to escort him home. He has been taught, and will perform at his master's bidding, a variety of tricks ordinarily believed to be above the feline capacity. It is said that his critical examination of his painted likeness was as amusing as a visit to a cat-show.—*The Watchman* (Boston), July 17.

## Migration of Birds.

During a long attack of illness at Helsingfors, in Finland, the Swedish poet, Runeberg, has occupied himself by observing the habits of birds, and especially regarding the habit of migration, concerning which he offers the ingenious explanation that it is the result of an intense longing for light. "When the days shorten in the north, the birds go south; but as soon as the long northern nights set in, with their luminous, long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food; but why do they leave the rich southern feeding-grounds to return northward? Simply because one thing is richer there, and that is light. The same instinct that makes plants turn toward the light and stretch their branches to reach it, also works in birds and compels them to fly after and follow it. The bird of passage is of noble birth; he bears a motto, and his motto is, *Lux mea dux*, Light my leader."—*Scribner's Monthly*, January, 1875.

## Spanish Bull-Fights.

"It is not quite accurate to say, as is often said, that the bull-fighter runs no risk. El Tato, the first sword of Spain, lost his leg in 1869. Arjona killed a bull in the same year, which tossed and ruptured him after receiving his death-blow. Pepe Illo died in harness, on the sand. In the year 1864 there were 427 bull-fights, of which 294 took place in the cities, and 133 in the country towns. These fights caused the death of 2,989 bulls and 7,473 horses—something more than half the number of the cavalry of Spain. The receipts of 98 bull-rings in 1864 reached the enormous sum of 217½ millions of reals, nearly \$11,000,000. Yet even those who most stoutly defend the bull-fight feel that its glory has departed, and that it has entered into the era of full decadence."—*Castilian Days*, by J. Hay.

'T is my creed that Age should carry,  
'Mid its strifes and cares and losses,  
The purple of its morning,  
April bloom and choral air;  
That Wisdom, Cheer should marry;  
That life ascends on crosses,  
And that its best adorning  
Is its joy in all things fair.

—*Journal Education*.

## Reading Sermons.

Norman McLeod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire where the reading of a sermon was regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister could be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'?" Wasna that a sermon?" "Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it?" said the other, with indignant emphasis; "I wadna hae cared if he had whistled it."

## Receipts by the Society in February.

## FINES.

Justices' Court.—Marlboro' (2 cases), \$4.  
Police Court.—Somerville (2 cases), \$45.  
District Court.—First Southern Middlesex (paid at jail), \$10.  
Municipal Court.—Boston (6 cases), \$85.  
Superior Court.—Suffolk County, \$5.  
Witness fees, \$4.35. Total, \$153.35.

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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